

OUR DUMB Animals

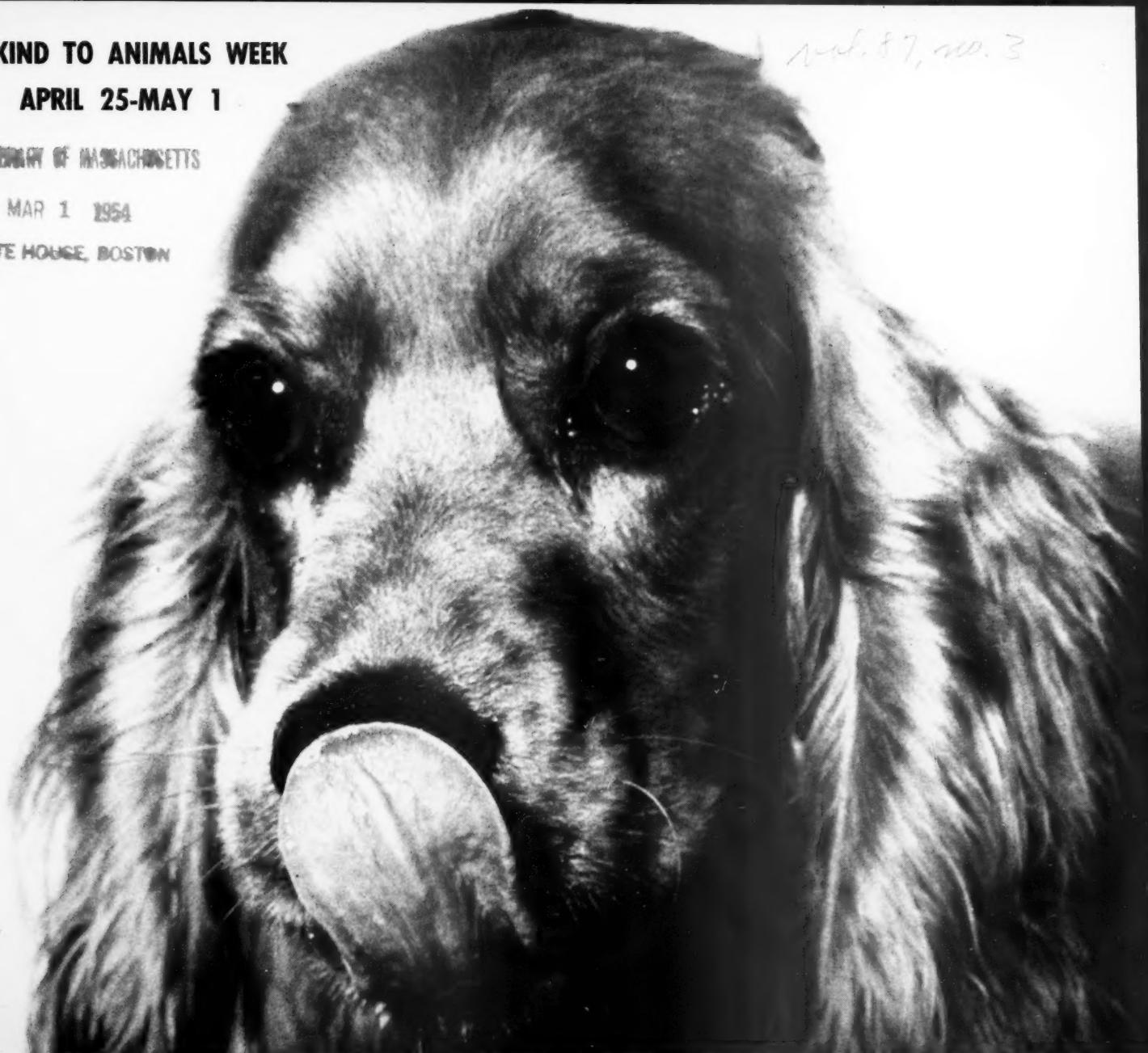
BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK
APRIL 25-MAY 1

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MAR 1 1964

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

Vol. 87, no. 3



"M-m-m-m, THAT TASTED GOOD!"

Photo, George G. Trabant



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Per year—\$1.50. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, \$1.00 each. Single copies, \$15.

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Re-entered as second class matter, July 3, 1950, at the Post Office at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 13, 1919.

Animals

MARCH, 1954

VOLUME 87 — NO. 3

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, President, 1868-1909

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President, 1910-1945

PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
AND
AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

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The Slaughter of Fawns

IN recent years the killing of fawns, either by rifle hunters or bowmen, has taken on frightful proportions. In New York State last hunting season, archers killed 410 deer of both sexes and out of this number 57 were fawns which were skewered by the bow and arrow hunters.

On Martha's Vineyard, in Massachusetts, hunters also went into the woods and came out with the same sad procession of dead fawns and deer. Many of the citizens on this beautiful island are up in arms and are demanding legal action to stop the slaughter, especially of these immature animals.

This Society has never condoned fawn killing, either by bowmen or rifle hunters and it should be remembered that half of the hunters who invade the deer woods are inexperienced and the ratio of incompetents is just as high among archers as it is among rifle hunters.

We have never been able to understand how a hunter can stand at close range and shoot one of these beautiful fawns! How must children feel after having been brought up on Walt Disney's delightful theme of "Bambi" and then witness the parade of hunters' automobiles with dead and mutilated fawns "draped" over the mudguards?

This Society is now making a careful study of the results of bow and arrow hunting in Massachusetts and elsewhere in order to take the matter up with the Conservation Department and arrive at what we hope will be an answer that can be considered *humane* administration of wild-life resources.

Legislation very likely will be required and this Society will lead in its introduction at the next session of the Legislature. We hope *all* friends of animals will follow this matter closely and support our efforts to put a stop, once and for all, to this slaughter of fawns.

E. H. H.



Mickey looks the situation over to see if it's time for bed.

Cooperative "Mickey"

By Ed Previtt

WHEN we got Mickey, our toy terrier as a puppy, my wife and I installed a box in the bedroom, planning that it would be his bed. Maybe we were too soft-hearted, because his lonesome cries for his little brothers and sisters that first night finally won us over. Yes, you guessed it—we took him into bed with us. He has slept on the foot of our bed ever since. However, this habit can cause a problem as we later discovered.

Recently, we were invited to be overnight guests in my sister-in-law's home. Knowing she would disapprove of a dog sleeping on her bed, we took Mickey's box along to create a good impression. As soon as we retired, the dog, of course,

jumped on our bed and was soon fast asleep. Our door was left open since we planned to awaken before the others and get him off the bed. Of all times for it to happen, we both overslept the next morning.

When we awoke, my wife's sister was already moving about the house. Knowing she could see into our room, we braved a timid glance at the foot of the bed. Mickey was not there! A look toward the box convinced us that we owned the world's most cooperative dog, for there was Mickey fast asleep.

Since then, he has used the box a few times for day naps, but when night comes, he still sleeps on the foot of our bed.

Tears in Animaland

By Jasper B. Sinclair

ALL is not laughter in the world of animals, despite the laughing hyena, the "horse laugh" of old Dobbins, and the bird the Australians call the "laughing jackass." There are tears and sadness, too, among our animal friends.

There is no truth to the legend that the crocodile sheds tears when devouring its prey. But the reference to "crocodile tears" has been generally accepted by centuries of usage as a false show of sympathy.

Cats and dogs are fairly close to tears when they start wailing their disapproval of things. For that matter, all members of the canine family—wolves, coyotes, jackals and the rest—are all adept at wailing in moments of sadness. When a dog expresses his displeasure of music he is just about as close to crying as possible.

The cry of the loon up in northwoods' country is just about the nearest thing to human crying as you will find among birdlife. The loon, however, cries for no reason at all. This prompted the saying, "crazy as a loon."

Through the centuries, the mournful appearance of the raven has attracted plenty of poetic attention. It has been called the "sorrowful raven," the "sad-faced raven" and the "sad presageful raven." If ever the raven wiped away its look of sadness and started smiling it would upset a thousand years and more of poetic notions.

Nor did anyone ever see a happy owl. Its sad-faced outlook upon the world in general has made the phrase "as sorrowful as an owl" something of a cliche by this time.

Practical men of science may insist that bird life and animal life cannot produce tears. Maybe not, but no one is going to cast out of our language the simile "like a lamb crying for its mother"—or the reference to "bleating like a lost sheep." It isn't bleating because it is happy!

MOVING?—Be sure to send your new address together with the address label from your last copy of *Our Dumb Animals* to the Circulation Manager at least five weeks in advance. Or, if you prefer, there is a convenient card for this purpose (Form 22-S) available at your post office.



America's smallest and most ravenous mammal is—

Our Secretive Shrew

By Mabel Irene Savage

THE word "shrew" is frequently used indiscreetly to describe an abusive or otherwise undesirable person, but actually the four-footed shrews do not deserve such figure-of-speech comparisons. Actually, they are courageous, thrifty, playful, ingenuous and industrious.

In many places, shrews are among our most common mammals, but they are so shy and secretive, so small and lightning-fast, that few people ever get a good look at one. There are many kinds, which may be divided into four groups—the long-tailed shrews, the short-tailed shrews, the swimming shrews, and the small shrews. The latter group includes the Pigmy Shrew and the Least Shrew which are scarcely three inches long and the smallest of all American mammals.

Most extraordinary of all the shrew family is the water shrew which weighs only one-third to four-fifths of an ounce when full-grown. Although he is a capable swimmer, he often prefers to cross a stream by walking on the bottom, coming up periodically for air. A more mystifying feat is his habit of walking on the surface of the water. Holding air bubbles in the feet, he runs blithely across the surface of a quiet pool. But this astonishing method of travel avails him little, for wherever he goes, on surface or stream-bed, he is regularly preyed upon by fish, herons and other enemies.

Then there is the Short-tailed Shrew which has a total length of less than five

inches including a one-inch tail. With its soft velvety fur—dark slate gray above and lighter underneath—its tiny eyes and ears that scarcely can be seen, and its long pointed flexible snout, this shrew might be mistaken for a small mole except that, like all shrews, it is a quick nervous slender animal with mouse-like forefeet, built for speed and killing. In contrast, the mole is a plodder with powerful shovel-like fore paws, built for slow heavy work underground.

This shrew can and does burrow like a mole, but the ridge above its tunnel is smaller and lacks the occasional humps seen here and there on a mole "run." Most shrews, however, use the deserted burrows of mice and moles and the surface runways of meadow mice. They are also found beneath stumps, fallen logs, roots and rock piles; in rank growths of grass; in leaf-covered forest floors. They do not hibernate but are active all winter, ceaselessly searching for food. Frequently, their tiny tracks are seen on fresh snow and they will tunnel long distances beneath the snow.

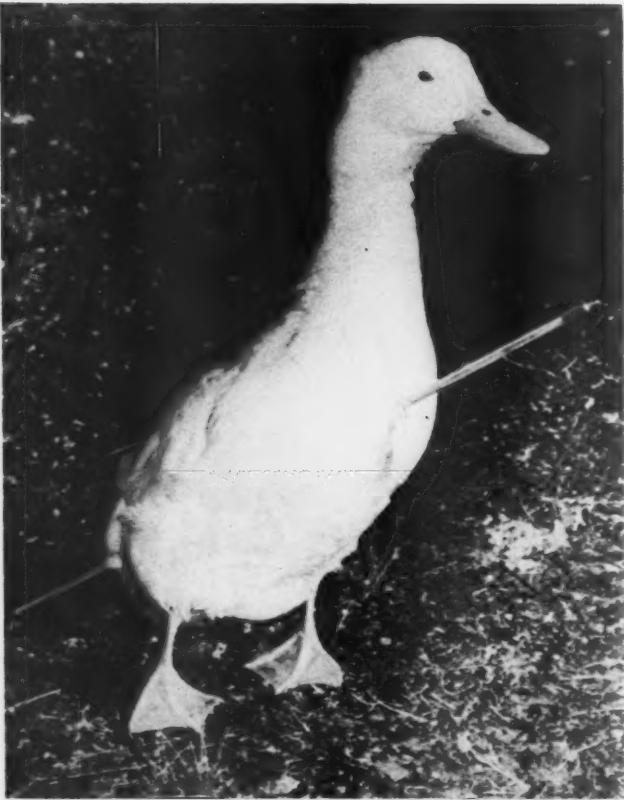
They have such ravenous appetites, which must be satisfied so often and so fully, that a shrew has been known to die when deprived of food for a few hours. A short-tailed shrew may eat more than its own weight every twenty-four hours. The food of this species appears to be chiefly insects, worms, centipedes, millipedes, spiders and land snails, but it will kill and devour a full-

grown mouse when hungry. Its mouth bristles with tiny needle-sharp teeth.

Little is known about the home life of shrews—how many litters they have each year, how many young per litter, or how they rear them. But it is known that they have a unique method of moving their young. When the nest is disturbed, the little ones grab the mother or one another by the fur of the rump and are dragged, in a chain, away from danger.

The shrew's vision is poor, but not as limited as that of the mole. They are extremely nervous animals, always darting this way and that. A fighting heart that knows no surrender is a characteristic part of every shrew. It is the smallest North American mammal, but it is also the fiercest, size considered. It will tackle almost anything smaller than a weasel and it has more courage, ounce for ounce, than a whole jungleful of lions! When in battle, its movements are almost too swift for the human eye to follow.

The shrew has figured in poetry, songs, and legends. Some tribes of Indians held fast to strange beliefs about shrews and certain Eskimos insist that a shrew that has chanced to stray out on sea ice is a veritable demon of a distinct species. E. W. Nelson tells of an Eskimo hunter who, meeting such a shrew, stood like a stone for several hours until it disappeared. On reaching home, his friends congratulated him on a very narrow escape.



Wide World Photo

The Careless Arrow

THE above picture shows a pet white duck from St. Louis County, Missouri. This poor creature's body was pierced by a lead-tipped arrow, but fortunately, on removal of the arrow, the duck was expected to survive.

However, happy as the ending may seem to be, the cause of the duck's predicament is not so happy. One may assume that sheer carelessness and ignorance was the cause, but there have been too many such incidents throughout the country for the term "accident" to be applied. Several pictures in the past year have appeared in newspapers showing sea gulls with bodies pierced with arrows, but still surviving.

The bow and arrow is a dangerous weapon. No parent, under any circumstances, should allow a child to use such an instrument without proper supervision and explanation of the consequences of carelessness. An example of what fateful results may occur was recently brought home to us when the daughter of one of our own veterinarians was struck in the eye with a "careless" arrow with subsequent serious injury to her sight.

If these so-called "accidents" continue to occur it will be the duty of every animal protective society in the country to endeavor to obtain legislation on city, state and national level to forbid the sale of these lethal weapons. The lives and bodies of our children and of our animal friends should not be endangered by the careless use of any instrument and where weapons are used, such use should be carefully supervised.

Horn-Blowing Dog

By Hanna Darlington Monaghan

WHAT is he for," asked a young boy, as the new member of our family, a lean, delicately-built greyhound, like a shadow, stepped into our group. We were greatly taken aback as, to us, dogs are people.

Star of Bethlehem is his name. He is registered at the American Kennel Club, "blue brindle," but, to us, as he leaps through the woodland brush, he looks like a young fawn in color. He is very fond, as most dogs are, of riding in the car. He sits on the front seat enjoying the view. In fact, he knows the roads better than we do. We often park him in the car, lock the door and leave him while we go about our business.

One day, when we had been gone too long, we heard a familiar sound, the honking of our car horn. We knew it was locked and it didn't seem possible that anyone would break into a car with a dog in it. Hurrying back, we found a small group of people gathered about our car. The policeman was there, but he was laughing with the others. For there, inside the locked car, with the windows almost closed and sitting at the wheel exactly like a person, was Star of Bethlehem lifting his paw to the wheel-ring and pressing upon it, knowing by the persistent noise that he could reach us. He was right, we came running!

After this, we could never leave him in the car too long, or the incessant honking would bring us back. It delighted the spectators who always stood in a small group about the car. Star of Bethlehem became known in our town. "Oh," a shop keeper would say when my little shadow would accompany me to the store, "isn't that the dog that blows the horn?"

One day, locking him carefully in the car, we left him in the heart of the city. We knew he was safe as the key to the car was in my pocket, but when we returned, the car door was open and Star of Bethlehem was strolling up the street. Since then, he always unlocks the car door. We have watched him from behind the window curtains. He will pull up the button of the door with his teeth, lift the shiny handle and step out. To us, dogs are people!

Star of Bethlehem loves to eat, from the crumbs under his master's table to a stolen tid-bit. A few days ago we left a cake of sweet chocolate in the car when we parked it with him, but we knew it was hidden, as it was in a handbag and the zip was tightly closed. This time we caught him in the act. When I returned he was neatly undoing the zipper. He could smell through the leather handbag and zippers are easy. You just take the ring in your teeth and pull. We often wonder what next?

We left him in a hotel room not long ago. We were breakfasting in the dining room when the waitress came to us. "Aren't you in room number fifty-one?"

"Why, yes," we replied apprehensively. "Anything wrong?"

"The telephone is ringing. Someone is calling from there."

We rushed to the room to find that Star of Bethlehem had removed the receiver. We replaced it and went back to breakfast. In a few minutes we were called again. "The telephone is ringing from room fifty-one—someone is calling you," she said laughing. To us, dogs are people!

WHOEVER coined the phrase, "curious as a cat," must have owned a pixy-led creature like Pumpkin, Mr. Blue's favorite cat. Besides being uncommonly inquisitive, Pumpkin is cursed with an insatiable hunger for adventure. He's interested in everything and afraid of nothing and, while he undoubtedly has more fun than our other cats, his undertakings usually lead to disaster.

The first of his nine lives was expended when he climbed a twenty-foot ladder to the water tower, leaned too far over the tank to get a better look at his reflection and fell in. Fortunately, his loud yowlings and threshing about in the cold water attracted our attention in time to save what remained of his life span.

Life number two went out by way of the refrigerator. Finding the door ajar for a moment, he slipped in to investigate the contents and was very nearly frozen by the time Mr. Blue, whose hearing is better than mine, called attention to the prisoner.

The horses kicked him for using their legs for claw sharpeners; the cows butted him for the same reason. Time after time, he nursed minor wounds, earned by kneading Sheila's sides with claws exposed.

He even ran into trouble with me, when he learned that by hooking front paws over the handle of the knife-and-fork drawer, he could pull himself up on to the drainboard and from there into the cupboard.

He was here, there, everywhere and seldom a day went by that he didn't run afoul of barnyard law, paying for his transgressions with bits of fur.

"One of these days," I told him, "you're going to get fresh with the wrong animal and that will be the end of you."

Shortly thereafter, my prophecy was apparently fulfilled, for when I called the cats to breakfast, Pumpkin failed to respond. At noon I called again. Still no Pumpkin. I would have searched for him then and there, but we were irrigating, and with a full head of water running, it was impossible to leave. I worked all that afternoon and far into the evening, opening ditches clogged by the farmer's worst enemy, the octopus-like weed. It was well past seven o'clock, when at last I came to the house to collect odds and ends for dinner.

"I know you're hungry," I told Mr. Blue, who kept up a disgruntled monologue, "but you'll just have to wait another ten minutes."

While the water was heating for coffee, I mixed a kettle of food and spooned it into individual bowls.

"Now then, have at it," I said, noting that Pumpkin was still missing.

I called and, getting no reply, drew Mr. Blue's attention to the fact that his pal was A. W. O. L. "Where's Pumpkin?" I asked. "You'd better try to find him."

Mr. Blue looked from me to Pumpkin's bowl, then back to me again. "Go find Pumpkin," I told him. With an understanding look, he trotted off to the barn. We had dinner, I washed the dishes, took a bath and fell into bed, too tired to remember the missing cat or even Mr. Blue. Around midnight, I was awakened by a mournful howl that sent mice feet crawling down my spine.

I got up, went to the back porch where the dogs sleep. Only Sheila was curled up on the blanket. I opened the screened door, whispered, "Mr. Blue?" But Mr. Blue was not there. I knew then that he was in trouble somewhere and calling for help in the only way he knew.

"Where are you, boy?" I called and was answered by a

"Mr. Blue's" Cat

by Ina Louez Morris



Mr. Blue and Pumpkin are great pals.

sharp bark coming from the lower end of the vineyard. Wading in mud, stumbling over entwined vines, I finally came to the patch of puncture weeds we had been unable to control and there, sitting in the very middle of it was Pumpkin and Mr. Blue.

"This is no time to play games," I began, advancing to see what was holding them glued to the ground. I picked Pumpkin up, turned the light on him and saw why he would not move. The toes on all four feet were bristling with thorns.

"Poor Pumpkin!" I said, and sitting down on a bare spot, pulled the spines out. When I had finished, I went back and got Mr. Blue. He's not a big dog, but he's heavy and his squirming to lick my face, didn't make him any easier to carry. While I worked, Pumpkin sat close by, massaging his feet with his tongue. Finished at last, I said, "Let's go." Mr. Blue got up, took a few steps, whimpered and sat down again. He tried again, but evidently his feet were too sore to bear his weight.

"Well, I can't leave you here all night," I said, and gathered him up.

I'd walk fifty feet or so, put him down and go back for Pumpkin. It was two o'clock when at last, having settled the animals in their beds, I crawled into my own.

"Where have you been?" Jack asked, now wide awake.

"In the vineyard. Pumpkin got stranded in the middle of the puncture weed patch. Blue evidently went in to fetch him out and got so many stickers in his feet he couldn't walk. I had to carry both of them back to the house . . ."

At that moment I was interrupted by an insistent meowing. Knowing what was expected of me, I got up, staggered to the kitchen to pour milk into a bowl marked, "Pumpkin."

Queer Animal

THE teacher had read a nature story to the class. The hero of the story was a platypus, an Australian animal with features similar to a duck, a beaver and a mole. The next day she inquired. "Do you remember the name of the strange animal I read about yesterday?"

Answers popped up. A duck-no. A beaver-no. A mole-no.

The teacher gave a hint. "It was some kind of a puss."

"SOURPUSS!" shrieked five-year-old Betty.

Dentist for Every Dog

By Chick Martin

ALHEIM, a German shepherd, knew that there was some mistake when he was returned to his supposed owner, Mrs. Charles Hurd, of Belchertown, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Hurd and her family identified the lost dog as Alheim, but he was apparently suffering from amnesia and refused to recognize any of his benefactors. At this point, veterinarian Francis Austin stepped in and with the aid of his dental charts proved it was all a case of mistaken identity.

Mrs. Hurd, upon reading the description of a dog that had been found in South Hadley, immediately went to that town where she identified the animal as her own Alheim. He was emaciated to be sure, but he was certainly Alheim.

Back in Belchertown, however, Alheim treated everyone as a stranger, so Dr. Austin was called. He examined the dog thoroughly and found that they were dealing with an imposter that had all its teeth. According to Dr. Austin's dental charts, the real Alheim had a broken tooth. Also, this German shepherd was only about two years old, while Alheim was closer to six.

Looks are deceiving. Mrs. Hurd agreed. So now, she is again searching for her own pet. He's a black German shepherd with cream colored chest and legs. If you find a dog that answers this description and you notice that he has a broken tooth—that will surely be Alheim.

To a Neighbor

By Elizabeth Shaler

*The other dogs are barking—
Our dog is not alone.
He only sounds much louder
'Cause he's a baritone!*

They Earn Their Keep

By Ruby Zagoren

DOGS who become part of a family earn their board in more ways than just by being there to pet. Often they save the children of their masters from death or injury.

It was a neighbor of the Donald Wysongs', of East Meredith, New York, who told me of a collie saving the two-year-old son of the family. The collie and child were out in the yard playing together. Soon Mrs. Wysong became aware of the collie racing back and forth between the kitchen door which he scratched frantically, barking all the while. Mrs. Wysong went outside to see what was the matter. The collie grabbed her skirt in his mouth and tried to tug her. When she followed, the collie ran ahead. Mrs. Wysong found her son face downward in the brook just across the road. The resuscitator had to be summoned to help restore the child's breathing, but in the end the story was a happy one—the child recovered. And the collie certainly is a cherished member of that family.

In my home town of Haddam, Connecticut, the Stephen Gabans' will tell how their dog, also a collie, realized the dangers of the road. When their toddler got too near the road, the collie firmly grabbed the seat of his pants and tugged him back to a safe distance.

These two episodes never were printed in the newspaper, though one equally interesting case recently found its way into Connecticut journals. It told of Penny, a small brown mongrel dog, who found his two lost masters. A widespread search was touched off when two of the four children of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Gates, of Hartford, failed to return for supper. A street-by-street search of the neighborhood was no more successful and the police broadcast a city-wide alarm.

Several hours after the boys were missed, Mrs. Gates heard a scratching at the back door and found Penny there, quivering with excitement. The dog trotted off, stopping frequently to make sure his mistress was following. He led her into the thick brush some distance away where the children, Donald and Ralph, Jr., were sitting.

When Penny ripped up a seat cushion a few days later, Mrs. Gates forgave him. As she said, "I don't care if he did tear my cushion apart; he's the best dog in the world."

Pet Population Increases

ACCORDING to the American Can Company the combined dog-cat population now exceeds the nation's count of families, 49.3 million to 41 million. Though cats outnumber dogs, they are "concentrated" in fewer households. The average family that has cats around has 2.21 of them, whereas the average dog-owning family harbors just 1.34. This means that dog-owning families outnumber cat-owning ones, 16.8 million to 11.9 million. Of course, quite a few families have both! There are 22.6 million dogs and 26.7 million cats.

Six years ago a similar study—counting dogs only—showed a canine population of 17 million, which means that "Man's Best Friend" has been increasing at the rate of about 900,000 a year.

In searching out the whereabouts of all U. S. dogs and cats, it was found that in the East and Far West, the largest percentage of dogs are *urban* with 68 per cent and 60 per cent respectively. Southern families, however, own the largest number of *combined* farm rural and urban animals with dogs (40%) and cats (36%) of the U. S. total. The Mid-West occupies second place with a cumulative 30 per cent of the total dog and cat population regardless of habitat.

Wee Wisdom

By Marguerite Hetzer

MY pet cats, Boots and Angel, and my little dog Pal were as familiar to my kindergarten pupils as their favorite story-book characters. Any reference to their activities always delighted the kiddies. This particular morning my heart was heavy with grief when I went to school. I'd have to tell the children that Pal, my mischievous, playful Pal, was gone. In his teasing, tricky way, without realizing the danger, he had run into the street and been struck by a car. I would never see him again.

I waited until it was almost time to go home. After playing a recording of safety songs, I told my sad news. Little Tommy, with a wisdom more mature than we expect of a five-year-old, expressed his sympathy with this comment:

"Don't worry, you still have Boots and Angel!" Truly comforting words which I often recalled—until I got another puppy.

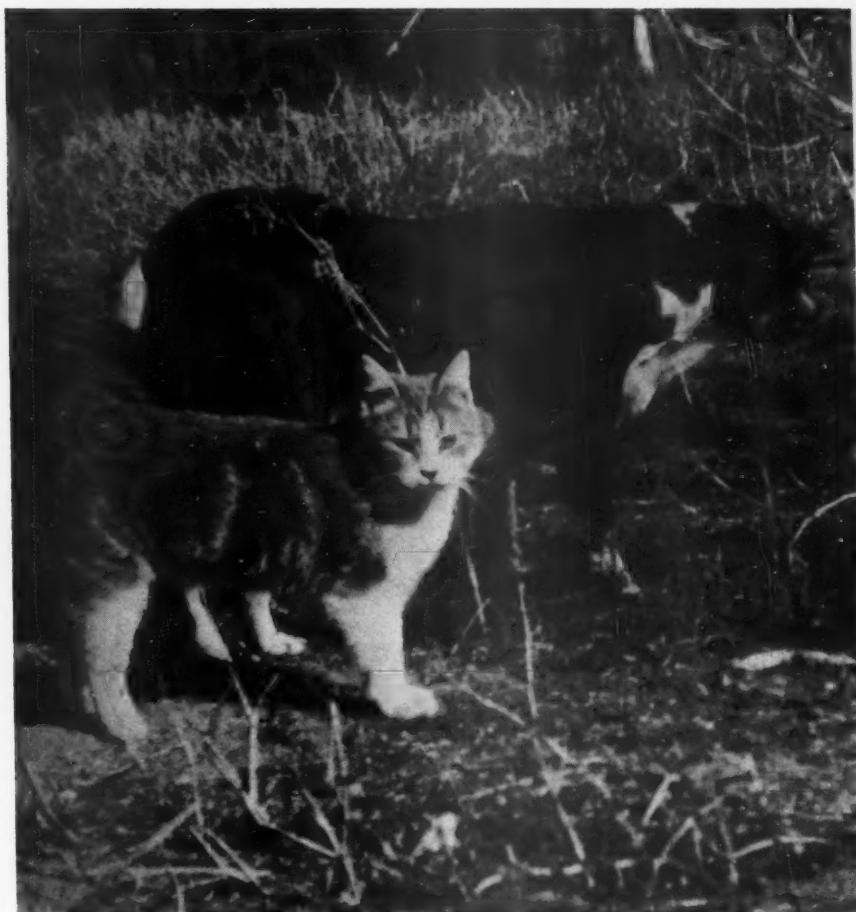
Back To the Doghouse

By Don Merritt

PUDDLES has moved back to the doghouse—by popular request. The pup who not only loves cats, but drags all the strays and unwanted forlorn felines home for a handout and a free bed, has proved herself a kindred soul to those humans who go so overboard on a good subject that they turn fanatic and their friends hide rather than be cornered. She has ridden her hobby until it's riding her.

We, her family, deplore some people's habit of dumping unwanted pets in the country to starve so, we tried to go along with the dog's charitable impulses. We handed out food to all the starving cats she wanted to bring home; we fixed maternity boxes in warm, dark places; we made excuses for letting more cats hang around than any one place needs. In fact, we thought the whole thing was sweet-up to a point.

Then, Puddles began to take advantage and stretch things a bit. She was allowed to move in with us when she turned her doghouse into a feline flop house. The trouble began when she started slipping her cats in, too. Our personal pets, a long-established, very up-town Persian mother and daughter team, who considered we were already quite well-catted, took loud and furious exception to every intruder, all over the



Puddles and one of her new proteges take a stroll.

house, until the pet door was locked and someone had to check every time the dog wanted to come in, to make sure she wasn't promoting another cat fight.

Sometimes, however, she did manage to smuggle a protege by the guard and we were subject, besides the battles, to "incidents"—the time when the usually docile dog barred the way into the guest room, and a fresh litter of kittens was found in the bed; or that other litter that was born in a chest of drawers on a fine bed of nylon panties.

And there was Small Whiskers, a wee bundle of fur and destruction, directly descended, no doubt, from Kipling's "Cat Who Walked By Himself," who literally took the place by storm at Christmastime. She loved no living creature except Puddles, and what she didn't love, she didn't notice. We found her completely unpettable, untameable, and, to our sorrow, uncatchable. In fifteen minutes she created a shambles. First, she made for the turkey, on to the

stove, through the food, over the tables. Then, with the whole family in futile pursuit, she spotted the Christmas tree. Instead of trying to bat decorations about, like any proper cat, Whiskers flew straight to the top, which was never intended to be decorated with a bouncing kitten, and just as straight to the floor, flew the tree, scattering balls, tinsel, lights, cat—everything.

We thought we had had troubles because of our altruistic animal, and the Whiskers episode almost put a stop to the cat collecting. Now, things have really been carried too far. Puddles tried to bring home the wrong stray cat. Worse, she tried to nuzzle this beautiful black cat with the white stripe down its back into the yard. If ever a dog got "skunked!" We've long wondered how a dog manages to tell all these strangers about coming to her house, without speaking their language, and decided she must smell good to cats. Now she just smells—and to high Heaven!



The cubs take time off from their acting roles for a cool drink.

THE most amusing and interesting experience I ever had was in producing a movie of the activities of two black bear cubs. The scenes called for in the working script presented some most difficult problems, one of which were pictures of the cubs breaking into a wild beehive in a hollow tree.

Now, to pack your movie camera equipment on your back and start hunting in bear country with the expectation that you would come upon just such a happening would be almost as impossible as trying to reach up at night and touch the moon. And there were other shots almost as difficult.

This, decidedly, was not an easy assignment for there had to be certain and special settings which were required in the different scenes, such as a large tree that had a decayed hole in it. This was to be the honey bee tree.

Finally, after much traveling about the country, I found an ideal spot, including a large tree with the cavity in it made by decaying wood. It seemed that everything was ready to go, providing I could solve some problems that appeared to be almost impossible at the beginning, and my foremost difficulty was the wild honey bee scene.

I had the right setting—just the type of tree that bees would select



A little boxing relaxes them for work.

for their new home, but there were no bees in the hole. This scene just had to be obtained, so I started concentrating. Suddenly an idea came to me! I once read a book about the life of the honey bee and I remembered reading how they would rob another hive that was in a weakened condition. That seemed to be the answer to my problem, so I went to work on the idea.

First, I secured a ladder to reach the decayed spot on the tree, which was about fifteen feet from the ground. I cut out the decayed wood until I had a sizeable hollow in the

Two Bear One Too

by Lynwood

tree. My next task was to construct a beehive in this cavity with honeycomb containing honey. I purchased four frames of comb, filled with honey, from a beekeeper. I next cut the comb from the frames and began carefully placing it in the hole in the tree.

While all this was going on the bear cubs began to get more friendly with me—in fact one of them got a little too much so, as bears seem to have a very curious nature, always wanting to find out what is going on. Each time I climbed the ladder to put a strip of honeycomb in the hole, one cub would climb the ladder after me, close to my heels, and just when I would get into an unstable position in constructing the beehive, the cub would try to climb up past me on the ladder. Despite all obstacles, how-

"Hey, let me show you how it works!"



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Bear Cubs Are Too Many

wood M. Chace

ever, I finally completed the job.

The next procedure was to get a shot of one of the cubs taking honey from the hive. This meant a lot of preparation and patience. The first thing was to get the cub to climb the tree where the honey was located. I accomplished this, after a fashion, by putting bits of honeycomb at different heights up the tree. I placed a piece of comb five feet up the trunk and coaxed the cub to climb up and get it. Then, I repeated this until the cub reached the beehive.

All I needed now were bees and this is where the bee robbing idea came in. I listened to all the weather reports I could, and was assured of clear weather the following day. So I started for the woods early the next morning, carrying with me a small box. On the way I had to pass

Of course, he has to tip over the pail.



The day's work done, the cubs curl up spoon-fashion for a good sleep.



He tries his ability to climb a ladder.

through a field and when I reached there I hunted about until I found a honey bee, captured it in the box and headed for the bee tree. Climbing the ladder, I carefully let the bee out of the box onto the honeycomb. The bee began to consume the honey and, when filled, flew off. Shortly it returned bringing back more bees. This continued until there was a large swarm of bees coming and going and flying about the cavity. This was it!

I put my camera in readiness and coaxed the cubs to the base of the tree. One of them immediately started up the tree. I rushed to the

camera to get the shot of the cub climbing. However, the second cub followed me, evidently thinking that my rushing showed intention to play with him. When I had almost reached the camera, the cub grabbed hold of my leg and stopped me short. I finally managed to free him from my leg and, rushing to the camera, started the motor.

I was so intent on getting the shot of the first cub climbing the tree I had forgotten about the other cub until very suddenly my camera stopped. I ran over to the battery box and, sure enough, there was the cub sitting on its haunches beside it chewing on the plug. He evidently liked the feeling of chewing rubber. Grabbing the plug from him I inserted it in the battery box. Then, as though that were not enough mischief, the cub jumped to his feet, ran to the camera and started to maneuver with the various gadgets on it, thinking, perhaps, that he could get the shot better than I. After jumping to the battery box several times and pulling the cub loose from the camera and my own legs, at other times, I finally obtained the entire scene of the cooperative cub getting the honey from the bee tree.

That was about as difficult an assignment as I ever tackled and I made up my mind that two bear cubs in such a scene were one too many.



Pants-Pocket Wren Nest

By Nellie May Drake

*My husband was caught in a shower
one day*

*While hauling in the alfalfa hay.
He pinned his pants on the line to dry
As a little wren was flying by.*

*Next day he went to bring them in
And found the wrens had built
within*

*A pocket, not wanting to disturb the
happy pair,
He left his pants hanging there.*

*Soon there came forth a little brood
Of five—the parents searched for
their daily food
Until they were older, then taught them
to fly,
And rejoiced when all vanished
safely into the sky.*

Big Silly

By Beulah Brown

*None is as dumb as an ostrich,
That tall-tall African bird which
Tickles one's risibility
Faking invisibility.*

Feet in a Yard

By Alice Williamson

*"How many feet are in a yard?"
Young Johnny's teacher said.
And when he answered "Six," she
laughed
And shook her pretty head.*

*"Oh, no, that's wrong. It's three!"
she cried.
"Not in my yard," said he.
"I've got two feet, my dog has four,
And that makes six, you see!"*

Strange "Fed-Fellows"

By Leta Burdick

OUR backyard is a dining room deluxe for hungry wildlings, probably due largely to our live-and-let-live policy toward them. Bordering raspberry thickets, abundant lawn shrubbery, plus the fact that the back porch is where the cats eat—all contribute their share to the unusual situation.

Some nights I have seen as high as three skunks at one time, foraging for swept-off cat fodder. I hasten to add that we do not litter summer lawns with food bits. But we like to make our hill-country winters easier for our wild friends and they clean the food up quickly. Rabbits and woodchucks often appear boldly in broad daylight to nibble at the lawn grass.

My story, though, concerns a raccoon and an opossum. For well over three years, now, a big fat, sleek raccoon has been cleaning up the cat's dish on the back porch and raiding the garbage can or wastebasket. No, he never bothers to wash the food! He doesn't like us to turn the porch light on, but never lets it frighten him away unless we leave it on for any length of time.

Next, we began to see opossums eating on the porch, always singly, though they seemed to be of various ages and sizes.

One particular night, I flashed on the light and there before my eyes were an opossum and a raccoon, both big and sleek, eating together! The raccoon had assumed custody of the cat's dish containing the choicer pancakes, while the

opossum contented himself chiefly with the dry bread scattered on the floor beside the dish.

Frequently, however, Possie would slowly and deliberately poke his sharp, pig-like snout over into the dish and steal a pancake right out from under the 'coon's nose. Each time, Mr. 'Coon would rise up on his hind legs, glare balefully and utter a few well-chosen words of warning. Each time, Possie grew a bit bolder, working gradually closer to the dish and repeating his thefts more often.

Finally, Mr. 'Coon could stand it no longer. He rose up to his full majestic height and told Mr. Possum off in no uncertain terms. Fearing a fight, I whacked my trusty broom resoundingly on the porch and both scurried away.

Sequel. Next morning, in full daylight, Possie returned. There he sat, in close proximity to an unconcerned cat and to me, watching through the screen door, and calmly ate every last pancake in the dish. Full to repletion, he ambled leisurely away, quite complacent with himself and the world. No raccoon could cheat him of his pancakes.

Ordinarily, the opossum seems to prefer bread. Often, hearing him rummaging around, I have tossed out some dry bread which he would eat ravenously, leaving the pancakes.

To all well-meaning friends' suggestions that "the 'possum meat am very, very fine," we reply with a condescending smile and a shake of the head, "Eat Possie? Say not!"



Cat and raccoon establish friendly relations on the back fence.

Bird Watchers

By Mrs. Robert Reed

WE had an interesting bit of wild life at our very window. A pair of cardinals built their nest and raised three babies right outside our downstairs bedroom window, not more than eighteen inches from the sill. They didn't mind our watching them at all. In fact, seemed to demand it, by scolding. The father would come to the tree outside the kitchen window and give me a good lecture.

It was great fun to watch them work. Before the fledglings hatched, Mr. Cardinal would spend much time singing to Mrs. Cardinal and feeding her. Sometimes he would call her and away they would go for a playful flight with no particular end in view. After the babies came, however, they both worked constantly to keep the youngsters fed. We were amazed at the quantity of food needed and decided that they were valuable to the economy of the farm crop program.

When the great day came for the babies to leave the nest, Papa came and delivered a resounding invitation. He made such a fuss that I went to see if something was disturbing the nest, only to find all three fledglings sitting solemnly on the edge of the nest. Both parents alternated feeding the babies with "see how easy it is" flights, accompanied by much coaxing, to get them to attempt the flight over to the cedar tree by the garage. Finally, one baby, the largest, made the attempt and succeeded. The other two didn't dare. By noon, when I had to leave, they were still afraid, so I carried them over. When I got home that evening, I located all three, far up in the branches and as safe as could be, being fed by both parents.

A week later they were still in the trees around the house for I could hear the peculiar little call they make when signalling the parents to bring food. All in all, I can't think of anything that ever caused me to waste more time or that I enjoyed more. My husband was as fond of them as I was, but, of course, was so busy that he had little time to spare. However, whenever he came in at noon or evening, his first question was, "How are the birds?"

Don't Forget!
Be Kind to Animals Week
April 25 - May 1

March 1954

Top-Line Tunneler

By Joyce Burns Glen

THE homely wombat from Australia is a broad, thick-set animal like a huge groundhog. The wombat comes a close second in popularity to its famous first cousin, the koala bear. It weighs about eighty pounds when fully grown, and is about four feet long. It has a coarse black fur coat and a tail that is so small it doesn't make any difference. Unlike the koala, the wombat cannot climb trees, but is a burrowing animal. In fact, it is Australia's champion digger. "Burrow or bust" is its motto, and it thinks nothing of digging a tunnel one hundred feet long. It would as soon dig through a hill as climb over it.

A wombat lies on its side to dig, tearing out sub-soil with the fore claws and heaving back the earth with its back feet. Roots cannot turn it. If they are small, it gnaws them with chisel-like front teeth and if they are big, it saws them through. In fact, the only thing that will put a twist in its tunnel is a well-anchored rock. A few yards from the occupied burrow there is usually a shallow excavation against a tree or

fallen log for the animal to rest and sun bathe.

Wombats differ from all the living marsupials in having only a single pair of upper and lower incisors. All the teeth are rootless and grow continually. Their diet consists of grasses, inner bark of certain trees, shrub roots and occasional fungi. They have only one baby at a time which is carried in the pouch until it is fully furred, when it emerges to see the world.

They live in banks of creeks, rivers or steep hills and their burrows, which are spacious enough for a man to hide in, are a constant source of worry to farmers, because galloping horses and cattle are in danger of falling through them and breaking their legs. They, also, have an unpopular habit of undermining rabbit-proof fences.

In its wild state the wombat would appear to be the original "grumpy" of the marsupial world. When you meet him, which will almost certainly be at night, for wombats are nocturnal creatures, he will just grunt and move on, or he may not even grunt.



A roly-poly wombat roots around in search of food.

Eighty-Sixth Annual Report

For the Year Ending December 31, 1953

ONCE again we have found that the reports of work done by our Society and its various departments have reached such a volume that we are again planning to publish these in booklet form. We are, therefore, confining ourselves in this issue to statistical reports of our activities.

We do wish to take this opportunity to thank most sincerely our many friends who have helped us morally and financially to carry on the huge work of animal protection which we have undertaken despite the ever-increasing costs of operation. Without such aid we could not possibly continue our ever-increasing program.

ANIMALS TREATED IN BOSTON HOSPITAL DURING 1953

| | |
|--------------------------------|--------|
| Hospital cases | 11,631 |
| Dispensary | 15,558 |
| Operations | 4,848 |
| Work-Horse Relief Clinic | 6,157 |

ANIMALS TREATED IN SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL DURING 1953

| | |
|----------------------|-------|
| Hospital cases | 4,512 |
| Dispensary | 8,953 |
| Operations | 1,874 |

ANIMALS TREATED IN MARTHA'S VINEYARD-NANTUCKET CLINIC DURING 1953

| | |
|----------------------|-------|
| Hospital cases | 1,086 |
| Dispensary | 2,461 |
| Operations | 344 |
| Outside calls | 192 |

SUMMARY

| | |
|--|-----------|
| Total cases treated in Boston..... | 27,189 |
| Total cases treated in Springfield | 13,465 |
| Total cases treated in Martha's Vineyard-Nantucket | 3,739 |
| | 44,393 |
| Cases in Hospital since opening. | |
| March 1, 1915 | 373,112 |
| Cases in Dispensary since opening, | |
| March 1, 1915 | 882,109 |
| | 1,255,221 |

| REPORT OF CHIEF PROSECUTING OFFICER FOR THE ENTIRE STATE | |
|---|---------|
| Herman N. Dean, Chief Officer | |
| Complaints investigated | 2,046 |
| Animals inspected | |
| (on investigations) | 36,522 |
| (at abattoirs, stockyards, railroad yards) | 815,165 |
| (at 270 auctions) | 21,450 |
| Total animals inspected | 872,900 |
| Prosecutions | 37 |
| Convictions | 36 |
| Ambulance calls | 13,953 |
| Small animals | |
| (returned to owners) | 1,371 |
| (placed in homes) | 5,947 |
| (humanely put to sleep) | 41,315 |
| Horses (taken from work) | 37 |
| (humanely put to sleep) | 49 |
| Total animals handled | 48,729 |
| Mileage | 279,019 |

| BOSTON SHELTER | |
|-------------------------------------|---------|
| Complaints investigated | 808 |
| Animals inspected | |
| (on investigations) | 9,742 |
| (at abattoirs and stockyards) | 735,418 |
| (at 22 auctions) | 507 |
| Total animals inspected | 745,667 |
| Prosecutions | 2 |
| Convictions | 2 |
| Ambulance calls | 5,737 |
| Small animals | |
| (returned to owners) | 208 |
| (placed in homes) | 2,067 |
| (humanely put to sleep) | 10,839 |
| Horses (taken from work) | 2 |
| (humanely put to sleep) | 12 |
| Total animals handled | 13,128 |
| Mileage | 69,526 |

| BROCKTON SHELTER | |
|-------------------------------------|-------|
| Herbert C. Liscomb, Shelter Manager | |
| Ambulance calls | 563 |
| Small animals | |
| (returned to owners) | 10 |
| (placed in homes) | 144 |
| (humanely put to sleep) | 4,238 |
| Total animals handled | 4,392 |
| Mileage | 4,581 |

| HYANNIS SHELTER | |
|--|--------|
| Harold C. Andrews, Prosecuting Officer | |
| Complaints investigated | 28 |
| Animals inspected | |
| (on investigations) | 121 |
| Prosecutions | 1 |
| Convictions | 1 |
| Ambulance calls | 503 |
| Small animals | |
| (humanely put to sleep) | 914 |
| Total animals handled | 914 |
| Mileage | 29,567 |

| SPRINGFIELD SHELTER | |
|---|--------|
| Charles B. Marsh, Prosecuting Officer | |
| Complaints investigated | 559 |
| Animals inspected | |
| (on investigations) | 9,194 |
| (at abattoirs, rail and stockyards) | 74,216 |
| (at 133 auctions) | 16,172 |
| Total animals inspected | 99,582 |
| Prosecutions | 5 |
| Convictions | 4 |
| Ambulance calls | 1,874 |
| Small animals | |
| (returned to owners) | 719 |
| (place in homes) | 2,432 |
| (humanely put to sleep) | 10,065 |
| Horses taken from work | 20 |
| Horses humanely put to sleep | 4 |
| Total animals handled | 13,250 |
| Mileage | 44,150 |

| PITTSFIELD SHELTER | |
|--------------------------------------|--------|
| T. King Haswell, Prosecuting Officer | |
| Complaints investigated | 98 |
| Animals inspected | |
| (on investigations) | 5,546 |
| Total animals inspected | 5,546 |
| Prosecutions | 0 |
| Convictions | 0 |
| Ambulance calls | 2,109 |
| Small animals | |
| (returned to owners) | 56 |
| (place in homes) | 320 |
| (humanely put to sleep) | 4,310 |
| Horses taken from work | 1 |
| Horses humanely put to sleep | 6 |
| Total animals handled | 4,693 |
| Mileage | 25,492 |

| BRISTOL AND PLYMOUTH COUNTIES | |
|---------------------------------------|--------|
| Charles E. Brown, Prosecuting Officer | |
| Complaints investigated | 159 |
| Animals inspected | |
| (on investigations) | 2,611 |
| (at abattoirs and stockyards) | 1,718 |
| (at 69 auctions) | 2,569 |
| Total animals inspected | 6,869 |
| Prosecutions | 2 |
| Convictions | 2 |
| Ambulance calls | 7 |
| Small animals | |
| (returned to owners) | 57 |
| (place in homes) | 11 |
| (humanely put to sleep) | 51 |
| Horses taken from work | 3 |
| Total animals handled | 122 |
| Mileage | 30,011 |

| ATTLEBORO SHELTER | |
|----------------------------------|--------|
| William J. Lees, Shelter Manager | |
| Ambulance calls | 360 |
| Small animals | |
| (returned to owners) | 26 |
| (place in homes) | 46 |
| (humanely put to sleep) | 820 |
| Horses (taken from work) | 3 |
| (humanely put to sleep) | 5 |
| Total animals handled | 900 |
| Mileage | 21,789 |

| | |
|--|-------|
| MARTHA'S VINEYARD SHELTER | |
| W. D. Jones, D.V.M., Prosecuting Officer | |
| Complaints investigated | 44 |
| Animals inspected (on investigations) | 87 |
| Small animals (returned to owners) | 113 |
| (placed in homes) | 107 |
| (humanely put to sleep) | 694 |
| Total animals handled | 914 |
| Prosecutions | 1 |
| Convictions | 1 |
| Mileage | 6,267 |

NANTUCKET SHELTER

| | |
|---|-------|
| Ernest S. Lema, Jr., Shelter Manager | |
| Complaints investigated | 11 |
| Ambulance calls | 224 |
| Small animals (returned to owners) | 85 |
| (placed in homes) | 91 |
| (humanely put to sleep) | 298 |
| Horses (humanely put to sleep) | 2 |
| Total animals handled | 476 |
| Mileage | 6,009 |

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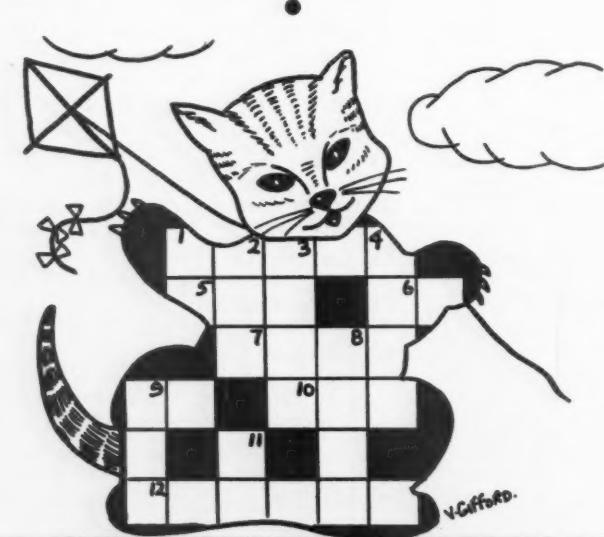


Every Friday on TV

MEET "MR. MAC" AND HIS FRIENDS

MONKEYS, elephants, horses, parakeets, raccoons, fish, insects and, of course, dogs and cats; they're just a few of John Macfarlane's animal friends who have appeared with him on our TV program, ANIMAL FAIR, on Channel 4, WBZ-TV, at 6 P. M., every Friday. "Mr. Mac" has fascinating stories and facts about animals to tell you and new animal friends each week for you to meet, so be sure to tune in ANIMAL FAIR this Friday and every Friday night at 6 o'clock.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLE: Across - 1. hearts, 6. soar, 7. o'er, 8. so, 9. rope, 11. know, 13. do, 14. awl, 15. el, 16. at. Down - 1. hook, 2. ea., 3. arrow, 4. top, 5. seeds, 6. S. S., 10. owlet, 12. nag.



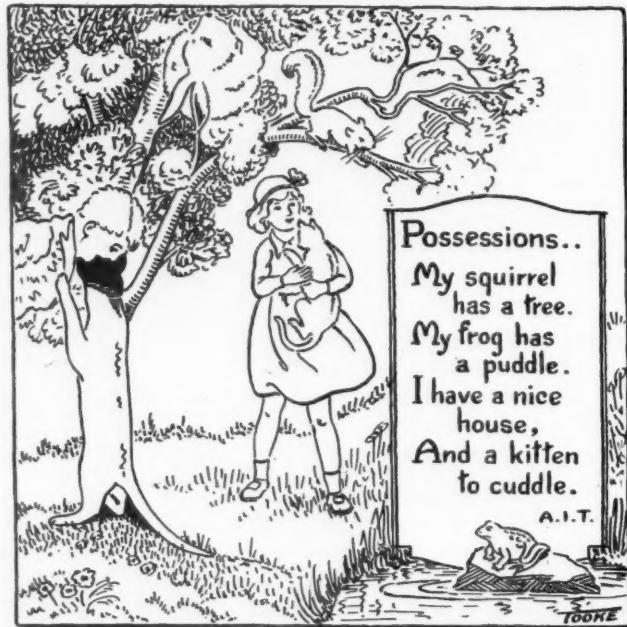
ACROSS

1. WINDY MONTH.
5. MAN'S NAME.
6. WHAT PEOPLE SAY WHEN THEY DON'T HEAR WELL.
7. 
9. WORD OF DENIAL.
10. NOTHING.
12. 

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

DOWN

1. NOTE IN SINGING SCALE.
2. 
3. 
4. 
8. A DRAWER FOR MONEY.
9. THE EGG OF AN INSECT.
11. EITHER.



Possessions..

My squirrel
has a tree.
My frog has
a puddle.
I have a nice
house,
And a kitten
to cuddle.

A.I.T.

S. TOOKE

Possessions

• • • By Alfred I. Tooke

HOW good are you at finding things? In the sketch above, the girl talks about her pets: a squirrel, a frog, and a kitten, all of which are in plain sight. But can you find the girl's brother and his pet cat, rabbit, and duck?

A Little Boy Wonders

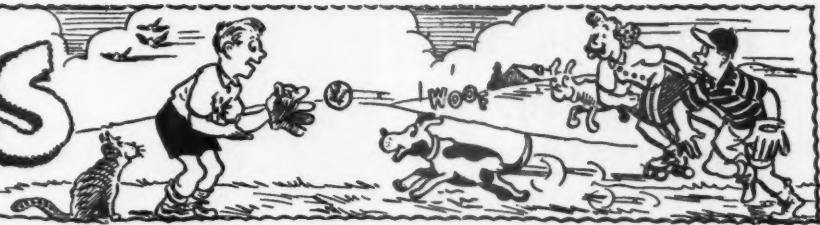
By Katharine W. Berridge

I wish I had a little dog
Like other girls and boys;
I have a yellow rocking horse
And many other toys.
I even have a brand new drum
That makes a lot of noise.

I've never had a real live pet
To romp upon the sand.
A top can't wag its tail at you,
A train can't lick your hand.
Just why I haven't had a dog
I'll never understand.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK this year will be from April 25 through May 1, with Humane Sunday falling on April 25. This celebration was first sponsored by our Society about forty years ago. Observe it by being especially kind.

PAGES



What I Have Learned about Cats

By Dorothy Russell (12)

CATS live in cities, in the suburbs, in small towns, and in the country. There are two kinds of cats in cities, apartment cats and alley cats.

Apartment cats have few adventures. Their days are much alike, year after year. Their owners give them fondest care, bathing and brushing them, providing them with toys, soft beds, special foods, catnip, medicine and doctors when they become ill.

Alley cats often have too many adventures. Practically no one knows what happens to them. While apartment cats are leading their tame, protected lives, alley cats crawl in and out of garbage cans in dingy backyards, dirty alleys and dark cellars. Cold, wet and filthy; often ill; dodging traffic, dogs and people; safe nowhere and trusting no one, they are almost as wild as city rats. But the true nature of all cats is half tame and half wild. Neither type of cat is really satisfied, for one gets all comfort and no adventures, while the other has all adventures and no comfort.

The cats which really have full satisfying lives are the house cats, kept as a pet in any home. They keep the house free of mice, but spend most of the time sleeping. After a safe and pleasant day of ease and tameness, they step out into the night to live the other half of their lives, the wild and thrilling half.

Suppose we are letting a cat out at night. From now till sunrise he will be living a dangerous life. But it is what he wants. A cat wants to hunt all by himself.

After dark his long stiff whiskers help him to keep from bumping into things or getting into tangled places. Wherever his whiskers pass without bending, there is room for his shoulders and hips, too. Cats have hardly any collar-bone at all. As humans have more, our shoulders are broad.

The soft pads on cats' feet are full of tender nerves for feeling surfaces. They also are full of fat, which helps keep them warm in winter.

The keen ears are like big sound-scoops on his head. They funnel every tiniest noise into his brain. At night, out in the meadow, the weakest squeak tells him where to watch for the mice he already smells. The bases of his ears cover two-thirds of the back of his head! Long, stiff hairs in the scoop are like a cluster of radio antennae.

In a cat's brain there is room not only for all its many feelings, but for many ideas, old and new. For cats learn to change some of their habits to suit new conditions, and they often plan new ways to solve their problems.

A cat's brain has a large part especially for smelling and yet when he has licked clean his dish, a big crumb lies beside it on the floor. This is because he must arch his neck to see any-

thing under his nose. You point at it but he stares at your finger. So you place your finger almost on the crumb. But when you draw the finger away, he still watches it. Apparently anything that moves can take a cat's mind off anything that doesn't move. So you throw the crumb across the floor. Now he sees it and jumps after it and supper is over, every crumb.

A cat's tongue has points all over it, making it very easy for him to lap milk, wash himself or anything else with this tongue.

If a poor mother cat loses all her kittens, she still needs to love and care for babies of some kind. So we hear of one cat adopting some of another cat's kittens, or some puppies, or young skunks, squirrels, rabbits, rats, or even baby chicks. Sometimes several mother cats put all their babies together in one place and take turns being teacher and mother to them all. A mother cat loves her kittens so much that she will drive away dogs of all sizes, sometimes two at a time.

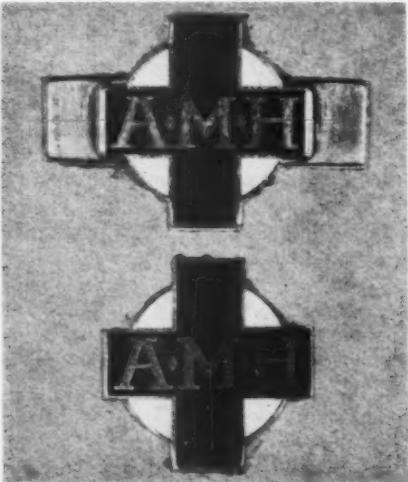


Speaking of cats here's a cute dishful!

Nurses Pinned at A. M. H.

IT was with both pleasure and satisfaction that the Angell Memorial Hospital marked another step in the progress of its new veterinary nursing program. Suggested by tradition followed in the field of human nursing, the Hospital has established the procedure of awarding special pins to qualified nurses. These attractive pins are now worn as part of the nurse's uniform and denote the wearer's position as a Hospital nurse.

Before receiving this pin, a nurse is expected to have completed an educational phase of training which includes



(Top) supervisor's pin; (bottom) nurse's pin.

regular attendance at informal classes and demonstrations, as well as many weeks of apprenticeship with an experienced nurse. In these classes the nurses receive instruction in the basic physical sciences such as Anatomy and Physiology, as well as lectures and demonstrations on the more practical aspects of the nursing arts, such as the understanding and handling of animals and nursing techniques. The chief object of the training is to develop good veterinary nurses for work in the Hospital and to foster in them the desire to become better nurses as time goes on.

The first group of nurses to receive and wear these pins received their awards last November. This group included six nursing supervisors and eighteen regular nurses, doing either full or part time nursing.

Those receiving supervisors' pins were: Warren Yanarella, Edward Currie, Marie



(Left to right) President Hansen and Dr. Schnelle look on while Dr. Elizabeth Fortune, Director of Nursing, presents pins to supervisors and nurses.

Keating, Louis Pasco, Louise Andrews, Claire Plummer.

Those receiving regular nurses' pins were: Eva Benjamins, Jane Bunney, Frank Cooper, Evelyn Desrochers, Sheila Dixon, Archie Ferrarini, Thomas

Ford, Robert Howard, Lewis Macdonald, Margaret McAvoy, Betty Partridge, Patricia Philpot, Margaret Robinson, Ruth Ross, Donald Sessions, Armen Smith, Helena Ulmanis, Marcellus Villa.

—Dr. E. A. Fortune



Dr. Elizabeth Fortune lectures and demonstrates to a group of Hospital nurses the art of dog understanding, handling and nursing techniques.

Remember that, in 1954, April 25-May 1 is

BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK

3-4-4

YES, THREE FOR FOUR.

At only \$2.00 per copy, our new 1953 Bound Volume is a bargain. But, while they last, we are making an unprecedented offer of a handsome Library Set: THREE VOLUMES (1950, 1952 & 1953 editions) for FOUR DOLLARS!

Send your \$4.00 check or money order to ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Massachusetts. Order a set for favorite friends and relatives who love animals, too.

Of course, you can order individual editions if you wish. Back editions are \$1.50 each, but the 1953 edition is \$2.00 per copy.

GET YOURS NOW—THEY'RE GOING FAST

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. FORM OF BEQUEST follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

Going Down

FOR WHOM? You dog-owners. WHAT? The Dog Identification Kit, a handy form and diagram for listing the distinguishing facts and markings about your dog, in case of loss or need to prove ownership. It comes in a smart, simulated alligator case. HOW MUCH? Price was \$1.00 apiece; price now is 65c each, or 2 for \$1.00! HOW COME? To help prevent theft, check increase in lost dogs. WHERE? Send check to Mass. SPCA, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. WHY? Because any dog is too valuable to lose.

**THIS SPACE
CONTRIBUTED**

Lucky,
**Lucky
YOU!**

We still have a few 1954 Animal Calendars left. Remember, not only the cover, but also each one of the 12 additional animal pictures are in FULL COLOR.

Price? \$1.00 for each box of ten calendars, with envelopes. Sorry, but since the calendars are already boxed, we can only sell them in lots of ten.

Rush us your order today, with check or money order, for these small (4 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ ") greeting card calendars @ only \$1.00 per box, postpaid.



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Although I've got no pedigree.
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YES, in a sense we want to buy friends, but not in the meaning usually credited to this phrase.

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